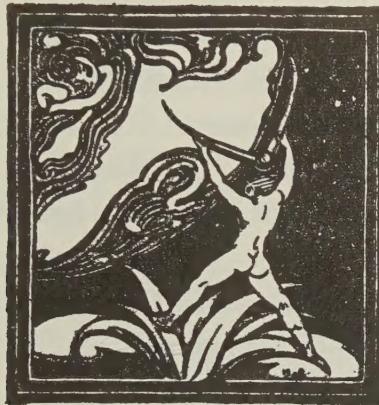


THE MEASURE

A JOURNAL OF POETRY



Poems by Abbie Huston Evans, Hervey Allen,
Gertrude Callaghan, Wilbert Snow, Benjamin
Rosenbaum -----

“And Came in the Wind Like a Falcon”, by Leighton Rollins
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Cock-Crow

PEALING bronze—again—again!
Such a sheaf of distant cheers
As if fifty banded men
Back to back defied the spears.

This is how to speed a night;
This is how to hail a day
When the first hair-roots of light
Undermine the dark with gray.

What a tumult loosed on air
By the solitary cock
Seeing day creep up the stair,
Hearing light begin to knock!

—Militant, with ringing cheers,
Seeing Night itself depart,
Waked by cock-crow in my ears,
Life, a cock, crows in my heart.

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Windfalls

I FILLED my pail, and looked around;
Apples littered all the ground,
Pale, bright, up-ended, twig and stem
Snatched from the tree along with them,
Brought down from swinging overhead
To lie with slugs and snails instead.
I filled my pail, I straightened up,
I drank the morning like a cup:
Diminished sunlight flooding in
Showed how leaves were getting thin,
And the wind that whipped my hair
Blew trees beautiful and bare.
I saw a nest out on a bough
I had never seen till now;
Saw the paleness of the sky
Brushed with white, saw leaves blow by
Gold and russet in a shoal
To heap the gully like a bowl;
I saw the poplar saplings lurch,
Saw gold tags spinning on the birch,
Saw the tamarack tossing free,—
And knew them of one piece with me!
Out whirled my heart and down the gale
Like one more leaf set free to sail.
I was a note like A or G
In a rising harmony.
“In this universe I fit!”
I never was so sure of it;
All my tangled lines slid free
And lay parallel in me:
“—O golden world, you change and fly,
And so do I—and so do I!
At one beneath, too deep to mark,
Our roots go twining in the dark;
And, all in one, we slip—we move—
Together down this shining groove
Toward that hid Outlet, that sure Whole,
That shall include us, clod and soul!”

Abbie Huston Evans.

Two Girls: Corsica

THEY plod beneath the cactus trees. Two girls.
Baskets upon their heads. Below, the sea
Pounds on the sun-baked rocks. The ocean curls
Hot waves wearily.

The tide strikes yellow hammers on the shore.
There is a wave clang where the surf is deep.
Barefooted, slow as animals they move. . .
Hungry for nothing more than sun and sleep.

Rendezvous

NO one remembers anything of the two
Only that they came here and that they went.
Was it in the time when the trees turn fruity
Or when the meadows are full of apricot scent?
No one remembers. An old man mutters still,
Of a star white face, a lad's boyish laughter.
Was it in the time of violet growing,
In early springtime, or after?
No one remembers. Perhaps gipsies
Went through the dooryards plucking greens.
Keats and Fanny would have liked this orchard.
This heavy bedroom might have been a queen's!

Harold Vinal.

The Fort on the Little Piney

WE strut before these silent secret hordes,
Grinning upon our foolish thin stockade.
This is a bitter, devil-ridden land!
What are we doing here upon parade
Before the sterile desert's rightful lords?
I think if we were wise we would go home.
Why do we trick ourselves with crazy dreams?
These prairies with their dry and tortured sod—
They cannot yield us anything but death.
We should not posture in the face of God.
Let us go back to walnut groves and streams
Where the plow turns a furrow of black loam.

The Reason

HE told them when they came and found him there
That he had tried to kill her with the knife—
Although she knew that he would never dare
To threaten her—much less to take her life.
So they who had seen his rages let her go.
But brooding on it in the later years
She felt she might have stood each curse and blow,
His shouting anger or his brutal jeers,
But on that day her heart was tired and sore
With God's austere and high indifference.
She saw the withered fields beyond the door,
The rotting barns, the filth, the broken fence,
And all her faded days, robbed of delight,
Where everything but weariness had fled,
So when he came in lowering that night
She took the rabbit gun and shot him dead.

Gwendolen Haste.

Young Love

THEY trembled in the still and holy place.
“O Aphrodite! O most kind and fair!”
The shallow lamps burned with a smoky flare,
And threw pale amber on each upturned face.
They heaped young almond boughs, berries and curds,
Cool ivory buds, and a long fragrant vine,
Rain-wet, upon the altar, pouring wine
In gentle adoration, shy as birds.

The Immortal leaned and smiled, then carefully
Veiling her foam-born body in soft white,
She stood against the black and quiet night,
Remote, august and faintly tender, loth
To loose the stirring garment, lest they see
The naked golden limbs of Ashtaroth.

Ethel Turner.

Ulysses and the Young Sailor

OH, restless enter not this house
Wherein I try to guard my peace.
Your aureate hair serves but to rouse
Thoughts of that more disturbing fleece,
And I have sworn by a quiet god
Ever to serve his tranquil sod.

Go now before I recognize
Aegean's bourdon in your voice,
Her cobalt shadows in your eyes.
Leave me before my poppied choice
Brings me instead of land-locked dreams
Traitorous desires for old triremes.

It may be that in seven sweet springs
When young Telemachus has grown,
He too will yearn for sea-swept things—
Ah, then Penelope may moan,
But neither vow nor plough nor she
Shall stay Telemachus and me.

Sleep Comes To Tired Youth

SLEEP comes to tired youth—
Out of strange places—
Ogling in arc-lit streets
Other wan faces;
Putting white weary legs
Through fevered paces.

Sleep comes to tired age
By as queer channels—
Sniffing at musty wines,
Bedding in flannels,
Telling its own dead heart
Worm-eaten annals.

Nina Ryan Carroll.

Southward Sidonian Hanno

SOUTHWARD Sidonian Hanno lashed his slaves
Farther than mortal barks had dared before,
Around a sphinx shaped cape that looked at stars,—
Then north they labored at the salty oar.

Northward and westward, till they saw at morn
A peak that vaulted upward into light,
Catching the crescent moon upon its horn,
An ivory tusk set in the jaw of night.

Under the stars a dream was born in mist,
While clouds streamed from the nipples of low hills,
Leaving the slopes below pale amethyst,
Veined with the silver lightning of the rills.

High as the peak itself, a lark began,
And each as in a shell could faintly hear
The voice of ocean from a far-off beach,
Whisper its hoary secret at his ear.

Behind the line of water upward smote
The petaled tangents of the rising sun,
Till straight from boat to sun, from sun to boat,
The liquid glory of his face had run.

And in the gardens underneath the keel
They saw the orange spiders on the corals,
Fiddling a demon music for the reel
Of gold-eyed serpents in vermillion quarrels.

The scent of woods rolled to them from the land,
While magiced at the oars they listless lay,
Mixed with a whiff of cresses on the cliff
And upland orchards redolent of May.

Each thought that he alone beheld the dream,
Fearful that if he spoke it would be gone,
Until a thousand mast-lengths overhead
The sunrise leaped from lawn to gilded lawn.

Then with a throaty "ha" at every stroke
They walked the leaking ship toward the strand,
Making her weedy prow break into smoke
That drifted like an incense to the land.

Yet never might they find a place to beach;
At noon they beat their shields, but mocking hails
Blent with a god-like laughter out of reach,
Answered the friendly wafture of their sails.

It seemed a land where mortals had no part,
Red, ringed about with granite-teeth and foam,
With fiery-glinted pastures where Melcart
Or Baal with all his sons might be at home.

So, till the sun plunged into molten brass,
When horns of inland cities hailed the moon;
Down cliffs, all night, across a sea of glass,
Toppled the talking timbrel's toneless tune.

And from the ooze the dead-faced krakens came
To peer with lidless eyes into the ship,
Or dive beneath through clouds of milky flame,
In arctic light that streamed from fin and lip.

Until the quaking crew began to fret
And murmur, saying one had left his sire,
And one his wife and babe,—so Hanno set
His bow into the Bear and steered for Tyre.

Glad were his bearded men; with steady stroke
They sank the peak below the ocean-stream,
And afterwards of many lands they spoke,
But always of the island as a dream.

Hervey Allen

Old Wives' Hands

GNARLED, knuckled, twisted into piteous shape,
And finely lined like leather that is cracked,
No hardship did these aged hands escape,
Each furrow shows the luxury they lacked.
And yet who knows what grace once beautified
Their youth—what eager lover felt a thrill
At their soft petal touch and with what pride
He did the bidding of their gracious will.

What great and lasting service did they know
That they may now lie idly folded, yet
In their calm poise and gentle gesture show
A strength and power we can not forget.
Old hands, worn hands, content, though beauty flown,
To find their grace and strength within our own.

Suppliant

IHAVE such need of understanding hands,
Great hands whose artistry is human-wise;
I have such need of eyes in these blind lands—
Your hands, your eyes.

I, too, have need of quiet words that stir,
Of flaming words to comfort, to appease—
I come then to your voice a worshipper
And ask for these.

I laid aside your hands, your voice, your eyes,
One day in an ecstatic virgin vow—
For one high moment I was proud and wise—
But oh, not now!

Gertrude Callaghan.

Epitaphs

HERE lies the earthly part of one
Whom Life denied her even share
Of happiness. She gave her love
But in return knew grief and care.
The devil played a hand, it seemed—
Of brats she bore a double pair!

* * *

Who lies below was ever right—
Or so he thought—fair winds or foul.
And if he's now in Heaven, he'll still
Insist he's right, or raise a howl.
But if by chance he's down in Hell,
With Nick himself he'll sit and jowl!

Frederick H. Adler

Restoration

(To Margaret, Aged 5)

YOU ran up to the nursery of my heart,
Pulled click the iron latch and tumbled in;
Tore instantly three boxes wide apart,
That held a broken doll, a wreck of tin—
Once glittering train of cars—a twisted pup
With trembly tail, that used to be the friend
I slept with every night; you stood these up
With magic hands, till I could see the end
Of all their imperfections in the spell
Your smile worked out before my wondering eyes;
The doll smiled, too; the cars went ding-dong-bell
And rushed off round the track; the big surprise,
However, came when that long lost white Fido
Barked in his dear old way and cut a dido.

Wilbert Snow

Matriarchy

THEIR dull democracies commence to wane.
Cooped in their capitals of steel and stone,
The ape, the tiger and the hog have grown
Thick through the neck and atrophied of brain.
So the wheel turns, and your day comes again.
Magnificent in tyranny, alone,
You will loll back on your pomegranate throne
And teach man how an empress shows disdain.

I shall make songs to greet you. I shall bear
Roses and subtle perfumes for your hair.
I shall not fear that you will bid me go.
For though you spurned all others, you would spare
Swinburne and Keats and Baudelaire and Poe,
Pan and his troop of fauns and poor Pierrot.

Walter Adolphe Roberts

Apologia for Grief

NOW I remember songs you might have sung,
I can remember words you might have said;
Singing and speech both proper to the young,
For you were young, who now are dead.

Since you are dead with all the other dead,
I am not one to reconsider grief,
To wet with wine my arval bread,
Nor speak too long; I shall be brief.

I shall be brief, who have no word
Not fabulous with other tears than mine,
No barbarous tongue you have not heard.
Can I distill the dark in such a sign?

Might I project the image of this hour,
Conceive this symbol fitting to my days,
So few they are,—a ruined and lonely tower
On the wide sand, fired by the sun's last rays?

Robert Penn Warren

Old Crazyman

An Episode of Childhood

HE did no harm, they said, and still
We feared that he would kill,
And in our childish terror ran
When came old crazyman.

Along the road at noon or night
He never walked upright
But stooped to move each stick and stone
Our careless hands had thrown.

He tossed tin cans and bits of glass
Into the wayside grass,
And made the journey safe and clear
For pilgrims passing here.

And when he'd finished that grave work
He straightened with a jerk,
Threw back his head, and laughing shrill
Raced frantic down the hill.
In hiding we had watched him. Then
Upon the road again
We cast the stones. And so each day
Anew he cleared the way.

We trembled lest, in mounting wrath,
He leave the beaten path
To wreak mad vengeance and to spoil
Our game that was his toil.

He spoke no word, but his laugh seemed
More shrill; one day he screamed.
A horror seized us when they said
Old crazyman is dead.

Henry Reich, Jr.

The Bridal Fire

LIVERISH yellow, wrinkled as dry leaves,
She sits upon the step before her door,
And from a corncob pipe she slowly weaves
The smoke in silence till she seems much more

Than an old woman quieted by years;
Than an old hag sapped up and tossed aside.
Night drifts about her and the smoke appears
Like a thin veil; and she can see a bride

Young as the morning, passing up the choir. . .
Time took her man and boy and left her old.
She has forgotten things. The bridal fire
She desperately guards from growing cold.

There are the Faces

THREE are the faces not for Time's stern hand;
Faces where beauty lingers till they die.
Time, like a passing priest, will understand
Their loveliness is sacred as the sky.
White as Bernini's *Daphne*; and with hair
Soft as lake-shadows when the moon is gold,
These faces lift in radiance and snare
All of the things which never can grow old:
The silence of the moorlands in the long
And birdless night; the ecstasy of song;
The patience of the fragile, twilight hours
Building their blue facades about the flowers.
Faces there are that wear a timeless pride
And try to hide a strength they cannot hide.

Benjamin Rosenbaum

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Associate Editors—Hervey Allen, Maxwell Anderson, and Frank Ernest Hill.

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ACTING EDITOR: JOSEPH AUSLANDER

“And Came in The Wind Like a Falcon”

THE younger school of poets have been accused of superficiality, of bizarrie, of total ignorance of their chosen art, of indeed so many things that they have become deaf to a clamor that has at last subsided. And after all this terrific shouting before the Golden Gate and behind it what do we find? Personally I feel we have found “A lapful of seed” and seed that has marvelous beauty. This country and the countries who read our writers have placed our amazingly vital Miss Lowell, our player of cymbals, Mr. Lindsay, our dreamer by stone walls, Mr. Frost, and our philosophic Mr. Robinson, in nicely shaped niches decorated with precise designs, reflecting to a degree the emotion of each of these four poets. Poetry may be a “strained and lofty vociferation” and may also be a building of airy citadels from our own breathless secrets, never guessed at or recognized until we see them shining through a dark forest suddenly no longer fearful; but poetry is always more than that, it forever escapes the awkward hand of labels and the desecrating voice of rule.

“Things inscrutable and wondrous” certainly are happening now. It seems certain that the young poets of today, as a choir, are doing as much as some of the more talked of singers have done alone. And out of a choir come great voices. Of the poets of to-

tomorrow we can only conjecture. Matthew Arnold once declared, "The future of poetry is immense." Now that was a safe, very serene, and very comfortable thing to say, but it was platitude rather than penetration. I had rather with Bergson believe that the future is contained in the present, that in fact yesterday's tomorrow and today and the day before yesterday are all one in their common hunger for beauty and their uncommon power for creating it. Plato talked memorably of the lyre of Orpheus, conceiving it as strung with poet's sinews. Plato imagined the poets as a chain, a sort of apostolic succession through which from one to the other, without stint or without end, there passes the fever and the fervor of song. I am therefore earnestly of the opinion that in speaking of the poets whom I know, whose passion is my passion, whose heritage of radiant agony I share, and whose high reaching of hands I would make my own; I repeat I am of the opinion that in them as in light refracted from itself with its own excess we can prefigure the glory that is to be. The poets of tomorrow are the poets of today. As I say this I cannot help but think of Rodin's statues, whether it be *The Kiss* or *The Thinker* or *Balzac*—some how in all of them beauty is perpetually emerging, a seed desperate and heavy and furious with its own bitterly magnificent energy fighting through the fog of marble. Life trumpeting through death and reaching at length, quite dark, quite livid with the exertion and the struggle its breathing height, its moment in eternity! The poets of tomorrow will not come after us, they are us and in us, we contain them. Where we are shaken they tremble, and where we assault the stars they triumph!

Leighton Rollins

Larghetto

Hill Solitudes, by Benjamin Rosenbaum. B. J. Brimmer Company,
Boston.

PERHAPS it is the necessary rain powdering scrupulously down over glass and brick and beading rainproofs and putting white thin particular breath around the bulge of umbrellas—perhaps it is

the mood and the minute odour of this rain that makes me want to finger the book as though it were spaced with the weather.

The little volume is pitched in liquid larghetto. There are few fevers in it; several technical frustrations. But the body of the book is cool and touched in a timbre precise and solicitous as this rain.

There are, of course, left-overs from a young preoccupation—Mr. Rosenbaum is scarcely in his twenties, as I remember—words like “tremulous” and “mauve” and “glamorous” and “ecstasy”; and there are some forced things. That is cathartic and reassuring. We accept it; we do not quarrel with it. There are too many other things, too much that is shaped and vocal and desperately clear; a good deal too much that moves easily erect. There resides in the fellow a focussed intensity that is so quiet it burns you. Consider this flashlight of Lincoln—

“Striding when there is wind and dusk,
With a tall stovepipe hat reaching the clouds!”

And this from a Prayer of Thanks, recalling, in the scope and music of its level litany, Aldington's Choricos:

“I thank Thee, O Father, for Death with its simplicity.
After a long day of flame and wind, Death comes tenderly giving us back
to the earth, the reaching leaf, and the cloud.”

Joseph Auslander

NOTE

The editors seize this proud opportunity of felicitating their colleague Maxwell Anderson on the singular and superbly merited success of his play, “What Price Glory.” It is pardonable, we hope, to indulge in a certain self-gratification, particularly when we reflect that one of ours, out of the dark fire in his own belly, has put some remote echo and glare of light upon his fellows—and, at the very moment of writing, as it happens, has provoked our eloquent Mayor and the censorious Hounds of Heaven to say things which should insure this drama's immortality (if such were needed), making it, by an ancient and peculiarly delightful species of retribution, “What Price Glory Forever.”

Frater Ave!

AS editors of the *Measure*, we extend to Walter de la Mare, who is coming to this country to lecture at various universities, the hospitality of our office. As eavesdroppers on the Valid Mountain, we salute him upon our meagre pipes and timbrels, trusting that in the generous surveillance proper to Jove he will forgive our frequent aberrations from beauty, our extravagances, our little audacities.

He is a brave and a gentle god, wistful in his wisdom, winning in all his ways. He is the friend above reproach. He is the musician of those dusky intervals when melancholy traps the brain. He is, since the immortal R. L. S., the sole authorized dispenser of Peacock Pie to Their Excellencies, the King and Queen of Liliputia. He wears motley like a veil and whispers astonishing horizontal things.

The day of his coming is hereby declared a legal and thoroughly tempestuous holiday. He shall be presented with the keys of the city—if there are any left.

De profundis ad te clamavimus!

CONTRIBUTORS

Among our contributors there are eight new and welcomed names:

ETHEL TURNER edits *The Wanderer*, a magazine of poetry published in San Francisco.

NINA RYAN CARROLL lives in New York.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN, also of this city, will be remembered as the brilliant young author of "Inheritance."

FREDERICK H. ADLER hails from Ohio.

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS was, at one time, editor of Ainslee's.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is on the board of *The Fugitive* of Nashville, Tenn.

HENRY REICH, JR. is a trade paper editor living in Brooklyn.

LEIGHTON ROLLINS, now in this city, is the youthful founder of *Casements*, a scintillating monthly published in Providence, R. I.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE MEASURE, A JOURNAL OF POETRY, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT CORNWALL, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1924.

State of New Jersey, } ss.
County of Union,

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louise Townsend Nicholl, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of The Measure, A Journal of Poetry, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publishers—Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Rolfe Humphries, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Elinor Wylie, 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Editors—Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Rolfe Humphries, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Elinor Wylie, 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Managers—Louise Townsend Nicholl and Frances C. L. Robbins, 449 West 22nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Rolfe Humphries, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Elinor Wylie, all of 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding I per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1924.

T. J. NICHOLL, Notary Public.

(My commission expires April, 1928).

The Measure

A Journal of Poetry

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